THE PACIFIC

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room
2223 Atherton st

VOL. LXVII. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, NOVEMBER 15, 1917. No. 46.

Pacific School of Religion
Berkeley, Calif.

REST WHERE YOU ARE!

"WHEN spurred by tasks unceasing or undone,
You would seek rest afar,
And cannot, though repose be rightly won,
Rest where you are!

Neglect the needless; sanctify the rest;
Move without stress or jar;
With quiet of a spirit self-possessed
Rest where you are!

Not in event, restriction or release,
Not in scenes near or far,
But in ourselves is restlessness or peace;
Rest where you are!

Where lives the soul lives God; his day, his word,
No phantom mists need mar;
His starry nights are nights of peace unfurled;
Rest where you are!"

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF CONGREGATIONALISM AND THE CHURCH KINGDOM.

$1.50 per year.

Published weekly at 45 Ecker St., San Francisco. Entered at post office in San Francisco as 2nd-class matter.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed)

W. W. Ferrier, - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley.

"THIRTY YEARS WITH THE MEXICANS."

Another Book by a Californian.

There isn't an uninteresting page in this book from start to finish. The author, the Rev. Alden Buell Case, of Pomona, California, went to Mexico as a missionary in 1884, where he labored for twenty-two years. He has had also eight years' service in Southern California, as an itinerant evangelist, where he has been in close touch with the Spanish-speaking people of all classes.

Mexico today finds herself in a condition not unlike that of the wounded man on the Jericho road, writes Mr. Case. "Robbed and maltreated by those of her own nation, neglected by her own priests and religious leaders, she is awaiting the coming of a Samaritan who will be to her a neighbor, ministering to her need."

In all seriousness the author declares that the Mexicans are a peace-loving people. "The Indian element, which so predominates, is markedly characterized by patience and docility. Never did a peaceable and liberty-loving race contend with greater difficulties in its endeavor to attain the privileges of a just and free government. All power, material, spiritual, and political, was in the hands of an unsympathetic minority. Submit and have peace! Submission, while by no means insuring a stable government, would mean the continuance of despotism. It would mean continued deprivation of rights. It would mean doors to progress still closed to them and to their children. We honor the Mexicans because they did not submit. The net result of persistent turmoil in that country has been progress, slow and costly, yet real, towards ideal government. The leaders of the masses were of their own ranks, men of humble birth. Miguel Hidalgo, the 'Washington of Mexico,' was a village priest, greatly beloved by his flock, for whose temporal as well as spiritual welfare he labored. For his heroic activity in behalf of national freedom he was degraded from the priesthood and excommunicated by the Church. Early in the war of independence he was captured, shot, and beheaded. * * * Benito Juarez, a full-blooded Mixtec Indian, did more to advance Mexico toward the goal of free government than any other man in her history. He was a shepherd boy, spoke only the Indian tongue until the age of twelve when he learned the Spanish. Ambitious, he studied law, and finally became the governor of his own state, Oaxaca. He next became vice-president, then president of Mexico. Juarez was a man of keen intellect and indomitable will. He was honest and God-fearing. He made the cause of the people his own cause, and to it devoted his life. Washington was his ideal hero, and he himself is justly called the 'Lincoln of Mexico.' After Juarez had led his country to a successful issue in the serious crisis of French intervention, Victor Hugo wrote him: "America has two heroes, Lincoln and thee—Lincoln, by whom slavery died; and thee, by whom liberty has lived."

Writing concerning the recent revolutionary disturbances, Mr. Case says that less than one per cent of the people have been participating in these internal disorders. "Our neighbors themselves have been the victims of the various uprisings. Through all the tiresome period the masses have been endeavoring to pursue their usual avocations of peace. They want peace, are praying and looking anxiously for it. They are praying that God may raise up from among themselves a man, strong and wise and unselfishly patriotic enough to compel the confidence of all, one who fears God and who under him may bring order out of the confusion and lead the people on to a successful solution of their many problems."

All these revolutions in Mexico, it is shown, have been phases of a blind, misguided struggle on the part of an ignorant people for liberty. Chiefly they were the strivings of an oppressed people to win for themselves and their children some small place on the soil of their native land. In these struggles there has ever been a lack of competent leaders, there being in Mexico no middle class from which to draw them.

Mr. Case draws from his long experience in Mexico and gives many charming word pictures of life as he knew it there. It is, all in all, a very enlightening book—one that will help greatly to a right understanding of our neighbors on the South of us; and to whom, as the book shows, we owe duties unthought of by many of our people.

Mr. Case closes with this paragraph: "There certainly will be a **new** Mexico. That country will some day take her place among the stable, the powerful, the highly esteemed nations of the world, contributing her full share to the progress of world civilization. . . . As respects commercial and social intercourse, Mexico may one day seem more like a great Southern extension of our own country than a foreign land. It would be written, then, that the transformation of Mexico was in no small measure due to the generous sympathy and co-operation of her Big Christian Neighbor at the North."

In a chapter devoted to "Mexicans in the United States," Mr. Case expresses the Judgment that this element in our population is certain to increase, and that for the southwestern border states, the Mexican problem cannot be ignored. The question is, "Shall they be left, as at present, to the corrupting influences of the cities, and so become more and more a menace to our society, or shall we overcome the evil influences with good ones and help these unfortunate ones into the ranks of Christ's people?"

And he declares: "The present urgent need is a social service work, established in every considerable Mexican community, a work so sympathetic, and connecting so vitally with the everyday interests of the people that the attention of the masses may be compelled and their confidence won. So may they be brought to share with us the best of our Christian civilization."

Fleming H. Revell Company, New York; $1.50 net.

Is it not in conformity with all our thoughts of God to imagine that He has brought everything to pass by the simplest means?—Balzac.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

After a prolonged debate Wednesday evening of last week the Central Labor Council of Seattle defeated by a vote of 87 to 41 a resolution declaring Senator La Follette as "worthy of unqualified respect and support."

"True religion is not merely to think something about God, nor yet only to worship God; true religion is to help and serve men," said the Rev. Dr. Andrews of Plymouth Congregational Church, Los Angeles, in a recent sermon on "A Working Religion."

A United States government special investigator says after his recent investigations: "I thought Portland a clean city. Tacoma has Portland beat; and neither Tacoma nor Portland are in any manner in the same class with Seattle." The Seattle federation of ministers went on record a few days ago as follows: We believe the better element will always feel grateful to General Green for his manly attitude on the questions that have agitated the city recently.

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer remarks that "it is only fair to point out that the much-talked-of democracy of the regular army failed in practice when the question of color was considered." A further remark is: "That, however, is past and gone, and when the colored regiments go into action in France they will have their own officers. There are few, if any, colored slackers in this country, and it is certain that there will be no hanging back in France when they 'go over the top.'"

In the last issue of the Labor Clarion we find the following declaration: "Employers who refuse to deal with legitimate trade unions are responsible for the existence of the I. W. W. in this country, because that organization has never been able to gain a foothold in places where a living wage and decent working conditions maintain. Yet these are the very employees who shout the loudest against the I. W. W." We give this in The Pacific with the hope that we shall receive enlightenment with respect thereto from some of our readers.

The Pacific Unitarian chronicles several joyful experiences of late: "The number of clergymen from other denominations who seek our fellowship is almost embarrassing. Within the past month a Universalist, a Congregationalist and a Methodist have knocked at our hospitable door. Like President Lincoln with would-be generals, we have, or are likely to have, more pegs than holes in which to put them. To this number of applicants is to be added a lawyer, without special training, who feels that winning souls is better worth while than winning cases."

The Seattle Ministerial Federation at its meeting last week went on record to the effect that the Rev. Sydney Strong had been misquoted in associated press dispatches from Columbus, and that no action was needed on its part. In remarks made in speeches at the meeting it was plainly indicated that the thought was that ministers and others also should exercise greater care in giving credit to newspaper reports. One minister who had been pretty hasty and hot-headed, was led to think that he was a persona non grata, but he kept his equilibrium; and so, once more, and for a time at least, it can be said as to the Seattle Ministers' Federation, "All quiet on the Potomac."

As to the problem of how we are to help girls in war time—I can answer that question in just three words, "I don't know." Mrs. Lola G. Baldwin, superintendent of the woman's protective division, department of public safety, Portland, Oregon, and a pioneer in protective work, made this startling remark in Tacoma last week. In her address Mrs. Baldwin said: "There never was a time when protective work was needed more than it is right now in this war time. There is the red and yellow sweater-girl, as she is popularly known now. There are three questions that can be asked of her: Who is she, where does she come from, and where is she going. The answers are that she is probably a member of some family, not bad, but of low character, and that she is bound for the army cantonment if she can possibly get there. She is the kind that worships a man with brass buttons. The general attitude of such a girl is shown by the following incident: A little while ago we found a girl being kissed by a soldier in a public place. On being rebuked for such conduct, she replied, 'Why, we have to be good to soldiers.'"

In a recent sermon the Rev. Chester Ferris, pastor of Park Congregational Church, Los Angeles, remarked: "An evangelist, seeking immediate decision, called on all to rise as he methodically passed his hand over the audience, giving them to understand this to be the last chance, and that those who failed to respond were lost. That was blasphemous. To what man is committed such an awful holding of the keys of heaven? His very dictation proved his lack of authority. And such a course might do vast harm, by setting the minds of many either to despair or opposition. It certainly is true that for few people has anyone the right to say today, 'The summer is over, the harvest is past,' for your soul. No, we continue our efforts, we reform our appeals, for it is known that most people have not made any final decision against God and that sometimes the most abandoned wretches have returned. We live in the hope that the last one may yet be saved, and shape our evangelism to continued endeavor to win the world regardless of age or hardness. In our city we are sure the harvest is not past. With the cessation of the great campaign, the harvesting has but begun. There was vast seed sowing as well as reaping. The work of preparing the fields, of continuing the sowing, of gathering the fruits must go on with renewed hope."

A news item from Boise, Idaho, reads: Idaho, as a new State, has been so occupied in the development of its resources that Americanization work has been undertaken in only a few scattering places. In Pocatello and Boise there are night schools conducted for the Chinese, the one in Pocatello assembled and taught by a pastor's wife, and that in Boise under the tutelage of the Interchurch Council of Women. Last summer in Boise a returned missionary from Japan, who was attending a W. C. T. U. convention, called upon the 60 Japanese residents and proposed that they have a school where they might learn to read the English language. This idea was cordially accepted by the Japanese, and the Boise W. C. T. U., working in conjunction with other organizations, is preparing for such a school to begin soon. The Spaniards are successful as sheep men in the western states and there are many from that country tending sheep on the range. They are progressive citizens. The women are more slow in learning to speak English than the men or the children, which condition has brought out a movement among some of the women's civic clubs to become acquainted with the Spanish women, that they may assist them in getting accustomed to American ways. Their effort has begun in meeting each other at school entertainments in which the Spanish children have a part. In the mines of Northern Idaho about 25 per cent of the men employed are foreigners. An Idaho statute requires them to take out the first naturalization papers declaring their intention to become American citizens before

they may receive such employment, and upon the authority of Robert N. Bell, State Mine Inspector, these men generally follow up their first papers by becoming fully naturalized.

In an article on "Camp Kearny and the Boys in Khaki," in the last number of the California Christian Advocate, we find the following "In conversation with the secretary of No. 1 Army, Y. M. C. A., who, by the way, is a young Congregational minister and pastor of a church at Hayward, Cal., I learned that the Association furnishes the finest and indeed about the only opportunity for the most helpful forms of religious work in personal contact with the men. In answer to my question, 'Do you have men enquiring about personal salvation and about Jesus Christ?' Mr. Huber Burr, previously referred to, answered that there are many such personal appeals to the secretaries. He cited two instances. One was that of a young man who was fighting the fight of his life in which his very manhood was at stake and who came to Mr. Burr and made a clean breast of the whole matter. He received the most helpful and prayerful advice from the secretary who, kneeling with him, commended him to the Elder Brother, his Saviour. The other instance indicates the confidence and esteem in which the Y. M. C. A. secretaries are held by the men of the camp. A soldier had brought his purse to the secretary and asked him to keep it for him until he should need it." Further along in the Camp Kear-Kearny article we read: "There is another inspiring agency at work among the boys in khaki and that is the Christian manhood in the ranks. This is not confined to the enlisted men, it is to be found among the commissioned officers of the various regiments as well. Mr. Burr told me of one young lieutenant who addressed a meeting of the men who crowded the building to suffocation and whose appeal was for a clean, upright Christian life. At the close of the address which was applauded to the echo, every man in the building stood on the invitation to take a stand for this kind of life. Prominent men in all walks of life are listened to with grave attention by the boys in Camp Kearny, when they come to bring the Christian message."

THE SERVICE IDEA GRIPPING THE WORLD.

The service idea is gripping men and women all around the world as never before. Recently, at a meeting of the Rotary Club at Leeds, England, Mr. O'Grady, a member of Parliament, expressed the conviction that the idea embodied in the motto of the club, "Service, Not Self," could become operative in the everyday affairs of the world. But to make it so it was necessary that they should practice it in their own lives. Without attaching blame in any particular quarter, he declared that the conflict between labor and capital in pre-war days was a scandal to common sense. During the twenty years he had been a labor leader, he had always maintained that lack of reason somewhere was at the back of any trouble. Under pre-war conditions, unfortunately, the workingman was not in a position from which he could raise himself. There never was a war between capital and labor, Mr. O'Grady declared, the struggle really was between the capitalist and the laborer, and had been continued because of class distinctions and mutual distrust. Increased productivity under such a system was impossible. If there was one thing more than another that he was glad of, it was that, as a result of the war, the old class suspicion was destroyed forever. A great change, he said, had come over employers and workmen alike since the beginning of the war. Both were being drawn closer together, and both had made mutual sacrifices. The whole-hearted way in which the men at home had thrown themselves into the work of supporting the men at the front was even more wonderful, he thought, than the work of the men at the front. In all this it was the growth of the ideal of service, rather than self, which was gradually becoming apparent. Looking to the future, Mr. O'Grady remarked: Self-sacrifice and service were essential if the British nation was to remain in the vanguard of human freedom, so that it might lead the nations of the world to a higher form of civilization and a higher culture.

As we write this note there lies before us a magazine in which is a picture of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and Mrs. Vincent Astor serving soldiers with refreshments in a Y. M. C. A. building in France. There will be less dilettante service after the war than there was before; and much more of the real thing. The lesson that we are not here on earth to get but rather to give is being learned as never before. It is going to be as to service very much as a soldier at the front put it, as to the kind of religious talk that would grip and win, "No more hi-fa-lu-tin."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Dr. Macdonald, the famous Toronto editor, goes soon for a six months' rest trip to Japan.

A little Catholic girl remarked to the person who managed the moving pictures entertainment each Friday afternoon in a Protestant church: "I just love your hymns at the movies."

The President of the Republic of China is a member of the Y. M. C. A. Also the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Minister of Education, and the Mayor of the City of Peking.

Every State in the Union is represented at Harvard University this year except Wyoming and Mississippi. Alaska, Hawaii, the Canal Zone, Porto Rico, are represented also.

The Lutheran Church in the United States has issued a "Soldiers' Catechism" which will be placed in the hands of every Lutheran soldier. A weekly sermonette is also issued and sent to the soldiers.

An American soldier wrote recently from France: "I wish you could see every American and Friench soldier at 5:30 p. m. stand at salute in the street, on the batle field, wherever they are. The band plays the Marseilles and the Star-Spangled Banner. It is inspiring."

At the University of Wisconsin 1,529 new students have expressed denominational preferences as follows: Methodist, 260; Congregational, 234; Catholic, 232; Presbyterian, 193; Lutheran, 157; Episcopal, 142; Baptist, 99; Jewish, 42; Unitarian, 27; Disciples, 22; Christian Science, 21 Evangelical, 20; Dutch Reform, 9; Moravian, 4; Universalist, 2; Miscellaneous, 18; no preference, 90.

The Editor of The Religious Telescope, who visited Camp Chillicothe in Ohio recently, has written of one phase of religious work there which he regards as very helpful. "Every Sunday, from ninety to 175 men from over the State visit the camp. Follow one. He goes to the mess building at meal hour. At home, people eat; at camp they mess. This visitor picks up his big tin cup and other table ware, falls into line, eats with the boys, then washes his 'dishes' as they do. While eating, he has a chance to

talk spiritual things with a man on either side, and some in front. At the close, some one announces that he will speak for a few minutes, and then give opportunity for questions or counsel. This man gives his time and pays his own expense. Discussion groups get together and the leader has something to say about life problems."

Speaking of the immeasurable value of the Army Y. M. C. A. work, Sherwood Eddy said recently: "The men farthest from home are the best paid and the most tempted, and our men are the best paid of all. While the Russian soldier receives a little more than one cent a day, the Belgian four cents, the French five cents, the English private twenty-five cents, our American privates and sergeants receive from one to three dollars a day. Imagine a thousand healthy, happy, reckless irrepressible American youths placed down in a French village, without a single place of amusement, unless it is a drinking hall; and no social life, save the French girls in the doorways and on the street corners. Think of these men shut up here through the long winter, with nothing to do in the evenings but to drink French wines and to follow their natural impulses."

Several months' experience in war stricken Europe have led E. O. Sellers of the Moody Bible Institute to an expression of the conviction that the war has not dulled spiritual enthusiasm. He writes: "Not once have I met the suggestion that this war is the collapse of Christianity. The causes and the issues are clear but they have not given rise to nor advanced infidelity, agnosticism or atheism. Sin? Yes, assailing men with hellish ferocity. Problems? Yes, vast ones which the war will not settle or even touch. Failures? yes, many and sad ones, that it will take all the grace of God men possess to remedy and rectify. When these men return to civil life they will demand less emphasis upon the the things which separate, upon 'conventional' religiousity, and more emphasis upon vital realities. They now expect more and more those expressions of life which come from a vital contact with a Christ who is too big for trivialities. That the Christian program is big enough for every need and that His Kingdom will ultimately and fully triumph has deepened into a calm assurance as the result of this past summer's experience."

The first Sunday in November there were given in many New York City pulpits sermons on the Big Brother Movement. The New York Times stated in an announcement: "One effect of the war is the increase in wrongdoing by children. There is reported already a 40 per cent. increase in London, 40 per cent. in Berlin, 60 per cent. in Munich. To stem the tide in the United States, the Big Brother Movement is conducting a campaign of prevention through the 3,000 Big Brothers in Greater New York and about 20,000 throughout the United States. Just as food is being conserved and all waste eliminated, so the Big Brothers are seeking to avoid the waste of good citizenship constantly taking place in allowing boys to become wayward. B. W. Godfrey has written a clever paraphrase, "The Parable of a Prodigal Father," in which he suggests that through parental neglect many boys are allowed to seek undesirable companions, who eventually lead the boys far away from the paths of rectitude. This is especially true in regard to sex morality. London has had to build a hospital especially for boys under fourteen afflicted with venereal diseases."

A training center for Y. M. C. A. secretaries has been conducted in Honolulu for four years. Association Men says concerning it: "Although in an isolated position, geographically, it has undertaken to train men for its own growing work and to contribute to other fields. Paul Super pioneered the Honolulu center. Seven men have been trained for executive positions in Honolulu Central, two developed for work in the Nuuanu Association, which serves Japan and Chinese young men, and three have gone to other Hawaiian islands. Jay A. Urice, who handled the training center following Super's departure, has been released to engage in similar work on the International Committee with Super. Two men have gone into the Christian ministry, one into a foreign field and one into an army training camp. Another into foreign work as an Association secretary and still another to a local Army Association. Honolulu will extend the scope of its training center so that men will eventually be sent from the Orient to receive their training in Honolulu which is both Oriental and Occidental. They will return to their native countries with American training, gained while still remaining in touch with their own races.

A young Men's Christian Association secretary engaged in work among the soldiers tells of an experience on the way to a cantonment: "I do not think it would be an exaggeration to say that 90 per cent of the men on the train were more or less under the influence of liquor and that 20 per cent of that 90 per cent were staggering drunk. When we left the city I had the mayor with me to help. He, too, wore an Association sleeve band. Going through the train, we found that in one car every man had a bottle of whisky which had been sent by the saloon keepers of the community. At first we were puzzled to know what to do. Then the mayor stood up in a seat and made this speech: 'I have never had a chance to drink with you boys, and would be glad if you would afford me that privilege this morning. I want every man willing that I should drink with him to bring his bottle and let me have it.' When the first man responded, the mayor opened the bottle and discharged the contents through the window. Seeing what was being done, one after another lined up, surrendering his bottle until the ground outside had the odor of a distillery, while the bottles were piled together under the car in a harmless condition. At the end of the journey, the men gave three cheers for the Association."

MY PRAYER.

White Captain of my soul, lead on;
I follow Thee come dark or dawn.
Only vouchsafe three things I crave:
Where terror stalks, Help me Be Brave!
Where righteous ones can scarce endure
The siren call, Help me Be Pure!
Where vows grow dim, and men dare do
What once they scorned, Help me Be True!

—Robert Freeman.

A TRAVELER'S PRAYER

By Loyal Lincoln Wirt.

As oft I take the iron trail,
I pray thee, Lord, no quest may fail.
No word unkind through all the miles,
No face behind except in smiles.

Help me the burdens find and lift;
Put courage into lives adrift;
Beguile a laugh where lurks a tear;
Give all who strive and fail, a cheer.

THE WINDOWS OF THE SOUL.

A Sermon By The Rev. Henry Kendall Booth, Pastor of The First Congregational Church of Long Beach.

"Now his windows were open in his chamber toward Jerusalem." Daniel 6:10.

Daniel was in Babylon. He was not there from choice but of necessity. In company with 10,000 of his countrymen in the days of Jehoiakim, King of Judah, he had been transported from his home in Palestine 500 miles to the eastward and set down in this great city of Babylon. Around him were the teeming tides of city life, the glorious splendor of that ancient city, her mighty seven-towered temple of Baal that dominated the whole landscape, her great streets with their chariots and people, her armies martialed in her squares, her great, busy market place, all symbols of power, pride, wealth, glory and splendor. And Daniel was there as a captive, performing tasks that fell to his lot with fidelity and earnestness, high in the counsel of the king, given great responsibility and power. But while Daniel mingled with the courtiers in the Court and with the people in the streets, with his fellowmen in Babylon, there was a place in Daniel's life that was shut away from all the sights and scenes and sounds of the city; for as he came into his own house and went up into the upper room three times a day, he would fling wide the windows, and looking to the eastward, toward the city of Jerusalem, he would pray unto his God. Jerusalem was 500 miles away, but Jerusalem was at the very window of Daniel for there are distances that the mind can overleap, however vast, and away from the city about him, with all its magnificent splendor and its great power, Daniel was looking at another city, weak, insignificant, small, tawdry, cheap, contemptible, but a city that had always been the home of the spirit and the dwelling place of God, that "City of Mount Zion whither the tribes go up, yea, the tribes of Israel," that City that was the habitation of the Most High, the city of prayer, the city of desire, the city of dreams, the city of ideals where he had been reared, where his childhood had been spent, where the most sacred memories of his life still clustered. And so Daniel went up out of the press, out of the noise, out of the struggle of that life about him which he hated that he might open the windows of his chamber and look and pray toward Jerusalem; and we are told that he did it in spite of danger and in spite of threat, and the chapter goes on to unfold to us the consequences of his praying, the story of the den of lions and of the marvelous deliverance. We are not concerned, this morning, as to whether that story is history. We do not care whether Daniel lived, whether there was a den of lions, whether he ever dwelt in Babylon, for Babylon is still here, symbol and type of power and pride and glory and pleasure and wealth that are to be seen in the world about us today, and Jerusalem is not located forty miles east of Joppa, on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean; Jerusalem stands as the type of all that is high and holy and ideal and divine, and the windows of the soul can be opened out of Babylon toward Jerusalem. Whether we believe in the story as history matters nothing, for Babylon is still here and Jerusalem is still here, and you and I find it possible today, like Daniel of old, to open our windows toward Jerusalem. Note that it is a window and not a door. Daniel could not escape from Babylon. He could long for the city beyond the waters and could not go. He had to live in Babylon, he had to work in Babylon, he had to die in Babylon, he never saw Jerusalem again. It was never possible for him to walk her streets; never again could he stand in her temple; but he opened his windows and opened them thrice daily toward the city of Jerusalem.

I wish that we might see in this, first of all, the possibility in every life, however circumscribed, of the outlook, of the outreach of the vision toward the divine. There is no life that cannot find this, I care not what its circumstances or conditions. You may live in Babylon but your soul may dwell in Jerusalem. You may walk day after day through the streets of Babylon, but you yourself, in your own spiritual life, may march down the streets of the city of glory and beauty that is your Jerusalem.

For several years in the city of Chicago I traveled up and down two or three times a day on the elevated railroad through a section of that city that was to my mind the most pitiful part of that great metropolis,—not the slum where men have fallen into such despair that they cease to struggle, not the slum with its crime and its disgrace and shame always present, where men have so completely lost heart that they are willing to stoop down and remain in the filth about them, but that part of the city and of every great city where people must live, not from choice but from necessity, where poverty and struggle and squalor and tawdriness and over-crowding are always in evidence; those people who live in tumbledown cottages, on the upper floors of store buildings, in crowded apartments and tenements, surrounded always by the cheap and the small and the tawdry, by the commonplace and the monotonous, but always struggling after something better, not yet having quite given up hope, not yet having despaired entirely. And as I passed daily through that section of the city, idly looking out of the car windows as one will, I used to see something that at first sight meant nothing to me. As I looked upon it it meant more and more to me. I always saw fluttering in the breeze, dun-colored by the grime and smoke of the city, a pair of lace curtains. Now that does not mean anything to you but as I thought about it and as I saw that every window had them, it came to mean something to me. For mere utility's sake any kind of cloth would have done, but they are always lace curtains—cheap things, torn things, mended things,—but they were lace curtains. I came to understand what it meant. It meant that the women of those home were still longing for something better. It was their testimony to their love of beauty, for there never was a woman who did not want lace curtains at her parlor windows; and though the parlor windows were only the windows of one room, though they bordered upon a dirty street, with noisy elevated trains going by, there was a woman's heart that had not quite given up the longing for something ideal. It seemed to me a pitiful and yet hopeful thing to see how the very poor themselves bore testimony to the fact that under any conditions and any circumstances the soul of man could always reach out after something better; and the sacrifices at the wash tub and the sink that made possible those lace curtains were a testimony to the undying love of a woman's heart for the beautiful.

There are no conditions or circumstances, then, that shut away from any individual the opportunity to open his windows to that which is higher, and there is need of it. If Daniel had been willing to shut his life away from Jerusalem, there were plenty of opportunities in Babylon for him to find pleasure and happiness. The doors of pleasure opened everywhere. His position was good, his prospects bright,, welcomed in the highest circles, he might easily have conformed himself to the life of Babylon and have forgotten all about the place of his birth. Many a young man going into a great city has gone through a similar experience with Daniel, and alas! a large number of these young men at last forget all about Jerusalem. Its lure is so subtle, it is hard for any young man to break away from the charm and fascination of the city. It is an easy

enough thing for the young man from the small town to find the wealth and power and splendor of the city so enthrall his heart that he forgets all about his mother, his home and his God, and about those things that were fine and wholesome in his childhood. But Daniel had not forgotten. He knew there was need that his soul should keep in touch, in the midst of the sin and the crime in the midst of the worldly allurements, with the things for which Jerusalem stood. The opening of his windows was but an expression of the aspiration of his soul after something that was noble and fine. You and I need it. Let us open the windows of our soul toward that which God would reveal to us in Nature. Let us not forget to have communion with an infinite power that reveals itself in the sunrise and the sunset and in the great diapason of the surf on the shore, in wandering stream and forest. Open the windows of your soul toward Nature; do not live in Babylon. Get out of doors, breathe God's fresh air, think God's thoughts after him.

Open the windows of your soul toward Truth. Be ready to receive whatever may come to you of truth in books, in life, wherever you may find it. Keep the windows of the soul ever open. Do not shut away from yourself, because you think you have learned all that needs to be learned, the great lessons that God is waiting to give you. Do not become like the purblind and self-satisfied Pharisees who have learned all and need to learn no more. Do not forget that there comes to every man and every woman each day some fresh, new, inspiring truth that he may take home and ponder

Open the windows of your soul toward heaven. Do not forget that there is a life to come. Do not be so completely absorbed in the affairs of this present world that you forget to open your soul toward these higher and holier things.

Open the windows of your soul toward your fellowmen. Do not forget that God is waiting to reveal to you from the lives of others about you things impossible for you to grasp yourself. Oh, what a glorious thing this human life is! With all its mistakes and failures and all its passions and hatreds, human compaionship, the fellowship of man with man, is one of the most inspiring things we have in human life. God pity the cloistered spirit. God pity the man who shuts himself away from that human relationship with his fellows which is the charm of life.

Above all, open the windows of your soul toward God. God is waiting to come into your life all the time. It is only because you have shut yourself away from him that he cannot come in more. Keep the windows of your soul open toward divine things that are waiting to come into your life and transform it. Remember how Daniel kept the windows of his soul open toward God.

Nor let us fail to understand that Daniel was systematic in his practise of opening his window. He did not do it once a month or once a year when the spirit moved him; he did it three times a day. He was methodical about it. It is a needed lesson. The trouble is that our religion comes into our life as a vital experience only occasionally. As you and I are living in Babylon, and as we must go out every morning and take up the tasks of Babylon and face all the bitter and disagreeable things that Babylon brings us, it will be well to safe-guard ourselves against its temptations and its lures and its pleasures by a little time in the morning when our windows are open toward Jerusalem, and when the hours of the day have gone by and worn and weary, oppressed by the struggles of Babylon, we return to our room, it will be well for us to find rest, refreshment and strength for our spirits by opening our windows again toward Jerusalem,—not once in a while, but at least twice every day. There are none of us, living in Babylon as we must, that can afford not to open our windows toward Jerusalem, and remember that we can only live in Babylon like Daniel lived in Babylon and remain true to our God and true to ourselves and true to the best in life if we shall make it the practice of our lives to open our windows every day when the morning dawns and the evening comes toward God and truth and heaven and love and all the finer things of the spirit.

Oh, friends, we are glad that this story was written, and I am sure you think with me that its inspiration and power are not limited by history or time. We are glad that it was recorded in this single phrase in passing that it was Daniel's habit to keep his windows open toward Jerusalem and to pray and to look out from those windows toward the best and the truest and the highest things of life. I know that your life is hard. I know that Babylon oppresses you. I know that you hate its din and strife and dust and turmoil. I know that your spirit rebels against it and there are many times when it seems that you cannot go back the next day to do over again the things that you have done so many times. I know how hard it is. I know it seems to you that you are shut away from everything that is fine, but you can open your windows toward Jerusalem. Won't you do it my brother, my sister, from this time forward? Every morning when you wake from your sleep and face the problems of life and Babylon look toward God and pray to God, and every night when you come to your bed to rest after the struggles in Babylon are over, forget Babylon and think of Jerusalem and look out of your windows toward God. That was what Daniel did so long ago and we today can do it in our lives.

A PRAYER IN THE DARKNESS.

Rev. Clyde Sheldon Shepard,
Minister Mt. Hollywood Congregational Church,
Los Angeles.

There is no light—
The night of the world's black hate
Has thrown its pall about us.
We, who had seemingly dwelt
In the sunshine
Where roses bloomed, and lilies,
Now grope blindly with all humanity,
Seeking the way.

Where are our boys?
And whence go they?
Why all the noise and strife?
When will the end be,
And will the end be the end?
Who knows?

O, Thou Light of the World,
We know Thou wouldst light
The hearts of all men.
For we have seen the faint flashings
On the pages of history,
And on all the lands,
And the little glimmer we have caught
In our own hearts.

Break the night!
Bring the dawn!
And that it may come
Chase away the darkness
Of hate and fear and weakness
From my own heart.
Let the dawn begin there
Of love and courage and strength,
That it may shine afar,

Till the night
Shall become
Day!

INSTALLATION OF FIRST CHURCH PASTOR, SAN FRANCISCO.

A council for the installation of the Rev. Byron H. Stauffer as pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco met on Monday, November 12th.

The Rev. C. H. Mears was chosen moderator; and the Rev. E. Owens, scribe.

Mr. Stauffer, in a brief statement, said that he had begun his ministerial life as a Methodist, and that no change of ecclesiastical views had led to a change of denomination, though of course there had been an evolution in his theological ideas,—but mainly the opportunity which appealed to him when the call came about ten years ago to go from his pastorate in a Methodist church in Buffalo, New York, to the historic Bond Street Congregational Church of Toronto, Canada.

When the call came a few months ago, from San Francisco, he said that there were two things which operated to bring about an acceptance—the opportunity in this uniquely situated city by the Golden Gate, along with the feeling that his pastorate of ten years in Toronto had been long enough, and that he could do better service in a new field than he could by remaining in the old.

Mr. Stauffer told us that his central belief was in the goodness and leadership of Jesus Christ, whom he took as his Lord and Master. In substance, then, he said:

Belief in his Divinity is the cornerstone of my whole belief.

The Scriptures are a handbook of the best religious beliefs of the past—the spiritual records of the beliefs and hopes of the religious teachers of the past; and within them are all things that are necessary for salvation.

He confessed to being "not quite orthodox," perhaps on future punishment, cherishing the final restoration idea as a more hopeful and helpful belief than that of a division hereafter into a heaven and a hell, yet holding to the idea of the punitive consequences of sin so long as sin went on.

As to plans in his work here in San Francisco, he said he had one that was supreme—to complete the unification of the Old First Church into one harmonious body—a work already so going on as to make it appear now as his easiest task in San Francisco.

Then, too, he had a great desire to do the work of a shepherd, to do it as it must needs be done in the unique conditions in this down-town church in this great city linking together the whole round world.

As to his preaching, Mr. Stauffer stated that he emphasized chiefly the ministry of comfort and of inspiration for everyday life. This, in the morning service. In the evening he followed somewhat, he remarked, his idyosyncracies, managing to end up always close to the Lord Jesus Christ.

All denominational matters concerned him, he said, and all vital interdenominational.

At the service in the evening royal welcome was given the new pastor to the Congregational fellowship hereabout; and the happy people of Old First Church were bidden God-speed in the work so auspiciously going on now under the new leadership.

The sermon was by the Rev. F. J. Van Horn of First Church, Oakland. The installation prayer by the Rev. R. C. Brooks; charge to the pastor by the Rev. A. W. Palmer; charge to the people by Professor Elliott of Stanford; the hand of fellowship by the Rev. C. L. Mears.

BIG BROTHERHOOD DINNER IN HONOR OF DR. AND MRS. PATTON.

Optimism and Honesty Outstanding Characteristics of New Pastor of Los Angeles First Church.

California climate conspired with Congregational cordiality in the warm welcome tendered to Dr. Carl S. Patton and family when they arrived in Los Angeles last week. Leaving Chicago in a blizzard, the contrast in climate was such as to reflect great credit on our Southern California brand of November weather. It was like a sunny June day in the East. A great company from the First Congregational church was on hand to greet the newcomers when the Santa Fe special rolled into the station. Representatives of the daily newspapers were there too, and cameras clicked as hearty voices bade the genial preacher and his family welcome to our sunny Southland.

In his initial sermon on Sunday morning Dr. Patton completed the conquest he made last July when he was here, winning his way into the hearts of his people by his frank utterances and naive appeal for their good-will and affection. "I am a candidate for your friendship," he said, after dwelling upon the duties of a pastor, and his answer came in a great wave of applause that swept over the audience that crowded the building from altar to topmost seat in the gallery.

The things that most impress a stranger about Dr. Patton are his upright, downright, outright honesty and sincerity of expression, and his optimistic outlook on life. The first of these distinguishing traits was well illustrated in his first sermon, my report of which, published in the daily press of Los Angeles, being quoted in The Pacific last week.

The second characteristic was exemplified in his talk at the dinner given by the Brotherhood of the First Church in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Patton last Friday night—a notable gathering attended by more than 400 of the leading members of the church—and as many more would have come had accommodations been sufficiently ample. It was here that Dr. Patton qualified as a first-class after-dinner speaker and likewise as an optimist of the nth degree who, in spite of war and world chaos, of daily discouragements that are the lot of all mankind, of the thousend and one worries that beset the human race, nevertheless persists in brightening the corner where he is. Taking for the subject of his after-dinner talk "The Howl"—or you may call it "The Wail," if you prefer—Dr. Patton paid his compliments to the professional pessimists who infest our land and occasionally break out in pulpit or press or on the public platform with their gloomy predictions. He cited Tagore's concepts of life as illustrative of this particular phase of reasoning and read extracts from editorials in some of the leading religious journals which reflected the most gloomy views and foretold calamities enough to throw a sensitive soul into panic. He characterized it as unconscious cant—a sort of reasoning that robs a man of his power. "The continuous howler," he declared, 'i's a cheap form of unconscious atheism. How are you ever going to hit the bull's-eye if the whole target is black? Stick to a wholesome view of life, and sane conceptions. It's the easiest thing in the world to be a howler and a faultfinder. When a man is discouraged he ought to keep his mouth shut, and especially ought to keep his pencil off paper. I'm dead against any gloomy, dismal view of life when the whole human history of the world is a revelation of God."

The dinner of the Brotherhood, where Dr. Patton gave this talk, touched the high-water mark of all similar preceding occasions. The president, Mr. A. P. Watts, by his

remarkable efficiency and executive ability has brought this organization up to a membership of 210—the largest Brotherhood by the way in the United States—another superlative for Southern California, if you please. In his opening address Friday night Mr. Watts expressed the hope that the membership would reach 250 before the end of the year. This was ladies' night and the women of the church took advantage of the privilege by being present in large numbers. The parish hall proved inadequate to accommodate the throng and tables were laid in all the surrounding halls and rooms. Flags and flowers played their part in the decorations and pretty compliment was paid to Mrs. Patton in the basket of beautiful roses and the magnificent bunch of enchantress chrysanthemums which graced the speakers' table, presented to her by the Brotherhood and by Mr. C. E. Richards, who, is absent from the city doing government contract work at San Diego.

Message from the Moderator.

Mr. Watts read a telegraphic message from Mr. William Horace Day, the former pastor and now moderator of the Congregational churches of America, in which he said,

"Though East be East,
And West be West,
Yet ever the twain shall meet.
We are one in common joy tonight."

Greetings from the Brotherhood were wired back to Dr. Day. A letter from Dr. Hinman, secretary of the American Missionary Association, was also read, expressing his regret that he could not be present. In his opening remarks as toastmaster Mr. Watts referred to the dark, blue days last summer, when the pulpit supply committee was endeavoring to pry loose from the East a man whose face seemed set toward Andover. Knowing that wise men always come from the East, he said, the committee persisted with the result that the call of the West prevailed. Turning to the guest of honor, he said, "We are here tonight, Dr. Patton, to express our loyalty and fealty to you."

The singing of patriotic songs was a feature, and the artistic programs were punctuated with Shakespearean quotations appropriate to the occasion. Dr. Wallace W. Willard, Dr. George F. Kenngott and Dr. Eaton were heard from, and Miss Grace James' sweet soprano voice was heard in several selections. The tempting chicken-pie dinner was served under the direction of Mrs. F. D. McDowell, assisted by a large corps of young people from the Baraca, J. O. C. and other organizations of the church. The closing song was that by Washington Gladden, "America and Her Allies," and Julia Ward Howe's immortal "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and another feature of the musical portion of the program.

Women's All-Day Meeting.

At the all-day meeting of the women of the church on last Thursday Mrs. Patton spoke briefly with the same simplicity and candor that marks her husband's utterances. Her charming personality and ready address won the hearts of the large company of women present.

Reports from the National Council were a feature of the meeting, Mrs. G. F. DeLany, giving a comprehensive and interesting account and also of her visits to some of New York's famous churches—notably that of Dr. Jowett, who is so soon to go to London to take the pulpit formerly occupied by Dr. G. Campbell Morgan.

The women of the First Church are doing splendid Red Cross service. All summer long a company of some ninety faithful souls have met every Tuesday in the Parish house to sew and make surgical dressings for the soldiers. At Thursday's meeting a special appeal was made for funds to purchase material to carry on this important work and an appropriation of $50 was made for this purpose by the society, together with a cash collection of nearly $25. Hundreds of hospital garments and scores of cases of surgical dressings, besides dozens of knitted socks, sweaters and scarfs have been made during the summer and the work is now going on with redoubled vigilance in answer to the urgent call from the front. Under the direction of Mrs. C. E. Day, Mrs. F. B. Westcott and Mrs. G. G. Speer this Red Cross Auxiliary of the First Church is doing a magnificent "bit" of patriotic work.

Los Angeles, Nov. 10th. SYDNEY FORD.

AN APPRECIATION OF NATHAN W. BLANCHARD BY PROFESSOR COLCORD OF POMONA COLLEGE.

(Two weeks ago The Pacific made mention of the passing into the other life of Nathan W. Blanchard of Santa Paula, California,—with a few words in estimate of his worth to church and educational interests. Such a life as that of Mr. Blanchard should have much more mention than we made of it at that time. We accordingly give now, in a slightly condensed form, an article by Professor D. H. Colcord of Pomona College in the last number of the college quarterly magazine.—Editor.)

Pomona College has had in Deacon Blanchard,—a trustee from its organization, and for several years vice-president of the Board,—a true friend and noble benefactor. Southern California has had in him,—a resident here for over sixty years,—a loyal and influential citizen, with wise plans and high ideals for its worthy development. The nation has had in him a son, whose patriotism was broader than the party lines of any party, whose interest and sympathy extended from ocean to ocean, from the lakes to the gulf. While intensely loyal to his own church,—the Congregational Church of his forbears,—and a constant and generous giver to its needs at home and abroad, for many years a deacon in the Ventura church sixteen miles away from his home, in Santa Paula, though worshipping often in local churches and a teacher in the Sunday-school, his sympathies were as wide as humanity, and all work for Christ and men received his hearty endorsement and support. Deacon Blanchard has been a friend indeed to all high ideals in the world of business, politics, education, religion.

It was my privilege to make the acquaintance of Mr. Blanchard thirty years ago last May * * * while attending the meeting of the Congregational Association of Southern California. At that meeting the Association ceased to be a branch of the state organization and became an independent body, and its standing committee on Education was instructed to consummate the plans which had been maturing for years to found a Christian College of the New England type, and select its first board of trustees. Within sixteen months the College began to be in temporary quarters in Pomona, and Mr. Blanchard was one of the trustees, and has continued such—far-sighted, wise, conservative and generous.

A little later he asked my help in finding a principal for the Santa Paula Academy, another enterprise dear to his heart. For he recognized, in the day when high schools in Southern California were very few and far between, that academies of high grade and Christian principles must be established, before the state should awake to its needs or be able to supply them. And I was able to help him secure an efficient teacher, who was also a native of his own loved state of Maine.

My acquaintanceship thus begun was strengthened when in 1890 I became one of the faculty of Pomona College. For it was President Baldwin's wise policy to have Trustees and Faculty brought together for an evening of frank intercourse at least once each year. And Mr. Blanchard attended these meetings with the same fidelity with which he kept all his business appointments.

He had a quick understanding of the problems of college administration, an appreciation of the work of a teacher, for he, too, had taught in his young manhood—and his shrewd common sense, his conservative policy, his wise foresight, his helpful gifts were splendid assets to the College. When during the campaign for the million-dollar endowment he asked that the income from the $50,000 which he then gave should be used to increase the salaries of the "Old Guard," it was but an added evidence that he had noted and appreciated the self-denials and sacrifices of those earlier years, in which he and his household had abundantly shared.

Of course his name will always be associated with the fine park of Pomona College. Mrs. Gates, wife of President Gates, suggested to him the desirability of getting this land. He responded and the land was secured and improved, and now its upkeep has been provided for by a fund which he set aside for this purpose. If you would see his monument, look around you" when in Blanchard Park.

It was of fine New England stock that Nathan Weston Blanchard came. Born in Madison, Me., July 24, 1831, * * * he inherited vigorous qualities of body and mind and soul from both parents, alert, careful, progressive, Christian. In '51 he entered Colby College, but had to leave at the end of his Sophomore year for financial reasons. In 1877, his college, of which he was a loving friend and benefactor, honored both itself and him by giving him the degree of Master of Arts. In '54 he came to California and engaged in mining and various lines of business, an influential force in the early development of Southern California. * * * In '72 he was one of the founders of Santa Paula, was pioneer in the lemon and orange culture in Ventura County, and a large owner in the Limoneira Rancho, the largest lemon orchard in the state. For years this was a source of larger outlay than income, but for several years it has brought in fine returns which he has used with wise generosity.

It is not surprising that a man of such integrity, honesty, fidelity, progressiveness, yet of wise conservatism, should be desired as president or director or other officer of various boards and corporations, and he has filled wisely and well many positions of responsibility and trust. In '62 and '63 he was a member of the California House of Representatives. For years he has been one of the most influential citizens of Ventura County, president or director of many companies and honored everywhere.

It is not for me to speak of that Christian home and the cordial relations of husband and wife, and the two daughters and son. It was given him to see his children's children, and a Southern California in which lofty ideals have large power.

The qualities of far-sightedness, wise planning, carefulness, and shrewdness, made Mr. Blanchard a money-maker. He was this both by instinct and heredity and wise New England training. But he was never dominated by property and, in the years when investments were non-productive, and income was limited, his gifts to every worthy object in the wide range of his sympathies, were gifts which cost self-sacrifice and he and his family shared in this. A money-maker, I have said, but money-maker never absorbed his time or thought or interest. And the kingdom of righteousness and peace, the republic of man, the federation of the world, were more to him than anything that money can buy.

His virtues were the commonplace ones of truthfulness, honesty, integrity. His name on a box of oranges was guaranty that they were exactly what they purported to be, and the market supplied once was a market made for all time. Would that commonplace virtues were common and universal!

And now he has reached his graduation day. His life and works, his faith and love and Christian character have purchased for him a good degree. Fidelity to duty through that long life has merited and I doubt not won from the Master who welcomed him into the graduate school of the abundant life, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Pomona College has had Nathan Weston Blanchard, a wise and noble friend—Pomona College has him still a friend indeed.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. M. A. Martin has accepted a call from the church at Manhattan.

Seven persons came into the fellowship of the Fruitvale Avenue Church, Oakland, November 4th.

The Bay Association will meet in Mission Congregational Church, San Francisco, the second Tuesday in December.

The Rev. Albert W. Palmer will go the latter part of this month to enter on the pastorate of Central Union Church, Honolulu.

Fifteen persons were welcomed into the fellowship of the North Congregational Church, Berkeley, last Sunday, fourteen coming by letter.

Next Monday the ministers of San Francisco will consider religious journalism as it relates to Congregationalism on the Pacific Coast.

Eight persons came into the fellowship of the First Congregational Church of Long Beach at the last communion service by letter and on renewal of covenant. Those by letter came from Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Congregational and Disciple churches.

It is the custom of The Pacific to have remittances on subscriptions indicated on the label bearing the name of the subscriber soon after they are received. We have not been able to do this for two weeks now, and so state in order that subscribers who have made remittance may know why the usual manner of receipting therefor has not been followed. We will get to it next week.

Mr. Wilson Averill, a long-time San Francisco Congregationalist, passed into the other life in one of the early months of this year. He has been living for some time at the Old People's Home. His subscription to The Pacific was paid up to the last of October. Last week we received a letter asking that the subscription be discontinued. We quote from that letter: "Mr. Averill was greatly esteemed and loved in the Home, and is greatly missed. He valued The Pacific very highly. He was unable to use his eyes to read it, and I read it to him regularly."

REDLANDS.

The Redlands Church is observing Reformation Year as well as the Congregational Tercentenary by a series of Sunday evening addresses by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Ide, on the leaders of the reformation, like Tyndale, Huss, Luther, Calvin, etc., followed by a series using the Tercentenary series of stereopticon lectures. Congregational history and work have been the subject of the prayer meetings this fall. The pastor gives monthly talks to the Sunday school on the Saints of the church.

An unusual exhibition of the spirit of church unity has recently been witnessed in Redlands, when all the leading Protestant churches united in the largest indoor auditorium in the city in several services. First to hear and act on the call for Armenian-Syrian relief, on a Sunday night. Then on another Sunday morning all merged their own services in one great mass meeting to hear Dr. J. A. Francis of the war work of the Y. M. C. A. speak on our duties in the war. Again on a Sunday night, the men of the city in the Baptist and the women in the Congregational church, in services preparatory to the County Laymen's Missionary Institute. Redlands churches are used to such unions because for some years it has been their practice to unite through all the summer Sunday nights in great union outdoor amphitheatre services.

A handsome silk flag has been presented to the Redlands church by Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Kimberly in honor of two of their grandsons who are in the military service of the United States, and also in honor of the boys of Redlands who are giving similar service. The church has an honor roll of 32. The flag will be consecrated on the Sunday before Thanksgiving.

CAMPBELL.

Sunday, November 4th, was a red letter day at Campbell Congregational Church, that being the day the new church organ was dedicated. Some time ago Mr. J. M. Butts, an aged member of the congregation, made it possible for the church to purchase an organ by giving five hundred dollars as a nucleus for an organ fund, the congregation to pay him a small rate of interest during his lifetime. Our efficient music committee immediately took measures to raise more money, and also began interviewing music house representatives and discussing with them, and others, the merits of the different instruments. The committee finally found an Estey organ that seemed the one suited to our church auditorium—a beautiful walnut case, with pipe top, two manuals, radiating pedals and motor driven, representing the very latest developments in the art of reed organ manufacture. The different combinations producing its wonderful tone and power were beautifully brought out by Mr. Wainwright, a professional organist from Oakland, who kindly gave his services for the day. We also had the pleasure of hearing that beautiful solo, "Teach Me to Pray," sung by Mr. Hubert of the Kohler & Chase music house, Oakland, from whom the organ was purchased. The congregation was highly pleased with the organ, and think it will add much to the services of the church.

I hold not with the pessimist that all things are ill, nor with the optimist that all things are well. All things are not ill, and all things are not well, but all things shall be well, because this is God's world."—Robert Browning.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The sixty-ninth annual meeting of the Oregon Conference of Congregational Churcehs was held with the First Congregational Church of this city on November 6th and 7th, Rev. A. M. Spangler of the Eugene Church, Moderator, and Rev. W. H. Meyer, of the Rose City Park Church, Scribe; Rev. Frank Mapes, of The Dalles Church, Assistant Scribe; Rev. Daniel Staver, of Forest Grove Church, Registrar.

The attendance was unusually good, ranging from the Idaho line in the east to Ashland in the south.

The program was one of unusual interest, covering a wide range of subjects peculiarly deserving discussion at the present time. Among them the following called for undivided attention:

"Missionary Work in Corea," by Dr. J. Hunter Wells, who went from Portland many years ago as a medical missionary; "The Influence of the Successful Prayer-meeting," by Rev. F. A. Willman; "Watchman, What of the Night," by Rev. J. K. Browne, whose forty years in mission work in Turkey enabled him to present most graphically the conditions there, including an account of the Turkish atrocities, encouraged by the German government, growing to a great extent out of the refusal of Armenian Christians to recant, "Opening Doors for Congregational Women," by Miss Rachel L. Rogers of Freewater, indicating by her own experience how a woman's work had been so constructive in its character as to result to a large degree in doubling the membership of the church at that place; "Why America is in the War," by Mr. Bela S. Huntington, a well known lawyer, and son of the late Rev. C. A. Huntington, for several years pastor of the Congregational Church at Eureka, Cal., who characterized the La Follettes, the Stones, the Gores, the Gronnas, the American I. W. W., as the Judas Iscariots of the present day; "The Work in Corvallis," by Rev. E. T. Sherman, who reviewed the progress of his efforts there resulting in raising the necessary funds to erect a new church edifice, which is now well under way; 'Christ's Social Program for the Church," by Acting President Clark of Pacific University; "Our Democratic Christianity, and the Coming Christian Democracy," by Rev. A. B. Patten.

The "Women's Hour" was presided over by Mrs. Belle T. Hoge and Mrs. A. C. Moses, and the "Work of the W. B. M. P. in Japan was presented by Mrs. M. E. Bliss; in China, by Mrs. Warren Morse; in India, by Mrs. Mabel V. Prior; in Turkey, by Mrs. J. J. Handsaker, who, by the way, is at the present time pastor of the Congregational Church at Laurelwood, a suburb of Portland.

The time given to Rev. Hugh Ross, D.D., pastor of Plymouth Church, Seattle, for three expository addresses at as many different sessions, marked the high tide of interest in Bible study. He was characterized by one of the oldest ministers present as fully equal, if not superior, to the noted Rev. J. Campbell Morgan, D.D., who aroused such widespread attention to the importance of increased Bible study in this country a few years ago.

A Review of the "Tercentenary Program Up-to-Date" was given by Rev. A. J. Sullens, Home Missionary Superintendent.

The closing session of the second day was given over to reports of the National Council delegates, Rev. John J. Staub, of the Sunnyside Church, and Rev. A. C. Moses, of the Waverly Heights Church, followed with a stirring patriotic discourse by Rev. James Elvin, of the First Congregational Church of Salem, which was repeatedly applauded.

Mr. R. L. Millard was elected Moderator for the coming year.

Portland, Nov. 11, 1917.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

A week ago Friday Mr. Julius Jaeger, a student of Spokane University, was initiated into the pastorate of the Lincoln Heights Church, this city. Three former pastors, Revs. W. S. Pritchard, J. H. Luckenback and the writer, participated in the service. Mr. Jaeger is a member of the Senior class in the above school and is recognized as one of the best students. He has had considerable experience as a preacher and done effective work at Dennison and Clayton. I predict for him a future of great usefulness, and the Lincoln Heights church is fortunate in having his services.

Dr. T. H. Harper, of Westminster Church, has been assigned for work in France under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. He will spend a month at Camp Lewis, American Lake, before he leaves for France. The church has granted him a year's leave of absence, and his brother, Rev. Joel Harper, will probably fill the pulpit. Resolutions of commendation of the doctor's services and leadership were passed, both at the general and Congregational ministers' meetings this week.

Dr. Burdick, of Pilgrim Church, has been preaching to growing congregations this fall. His Sunday evening audiences have increased Sunday by Sunday, and on the last the writer saw a house full of people, and heard a most wholesome, frank and vigorous address on "The Need of Municipal Housecleaning." It was sane, sound and sanitary. The service of song has become a popular feature of the service.

The Congregational Alliance met at Deer Park, Rev. Wm. Worthington, pastor, last Monday afternoon. Dr. Harper outlined plans for evangelistic work. Rev. Carl Veazie of Wallace, Ida., gave his impressions of the meetings of the National Council in his usual interesting and impressive manner, Rev. J. M. Skerry of Trent, spoke briefly on the same subject.

The Deer Park Church is celebrating this week the twenty-sixth anniversary of its organization. On Monday night Burdick and Edwards spoke on "The Pioneer Church and the Church of the Future." On Tuesday night Dr. T. H. Harper spoke; on Wednesday night, Rev. P. E. Bauer. On Thursday evening there was a banquet, with a reminiscent address by Rev. T. W. Walters, the organizer of the church, and a concert in the evening. There were good audiences every night.

Rev. J. L. Ellis has begun work with the Chewelah Church, and Tekoa is without a pastor.

Rev. F. A. Bown has closed his work with the Lamont and Benge churches, and has accepted a call to the Plummer and Worley, Ida., churches to begin at once.

Rev. J. L. Rollins has closed his labors with the Delcanah and Cusick churches.

Rev. E. A. Swain of Myers Falls has begun work with the Ahtahnum Church and not White Salmon.

Rev. C. T. Cooley has closed his labors with the Ferdinand, Ida., Church, and is seeking rest.

Spokane, Wash., Nov. 9, 1917. J. EDWARDS.

It is not enough that I am moral and that I am religious; my morality must be beautiful, and my religion must be made so luminous with beauty that men, seeing me, shall know what the Gospel means.—Beecher.

W. B. M. P.

THE LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT AND THE W. B. M. P.

On Sunday, October 21st, in San Jose, there opened the first of a series of conventions carried on by the Laymen's Missionary Movement, ten of them, to be held in as many interior cities of California. A national organization working along interdenominational lines, the Movement has for some years endeavored to bring missionary interests before the rank and file of laymen in our churches. The sessions are made up of addresses by missionaries, talks on methods and efficiency in administration by experts, and most important of all, messages of inspiration concerning the spiritual forces to be wielded by the help of God.

A new feature this year in which the W. B. M P. is much interested is the experiment of having companion meetings for women during the three days of each convntion, in charge of a Woman's Committee, the speakers interchanging and all uniting in the denominational rallies held on the second evening.

This is a rare opportunity for interdenominational fellowship and also for denominational unity in missionary propaganda. It means reproducing the atmosphere of Asilomar and Mt. Hermon, so greatly prized but which all are not privileged to enjoy, in our interior cities. There are the same helpful discussions of ways and means, the same fine addresses, the same fellowship of kindred minds which is truly like that above. The men's registration fee is $1.00, the women's 50 cents. Mrs. Paul Raymond is Chairman of the Women's Committee in charge of the California itinerary, Congregationalism being most ably represented on the team by Mrs. S. Emrich of Turkey, who has endeared herself to California audiences everywhere by her wonderful presentation of the cause of Armenian relief

It was desired by the Committee that all Mission Boards should be represented at each convention. It is to be regretted that the absence of our president, Mrs. Evans, prevented her being present as were most of the other Board presidents at these first conventions. It was the privilege of the writer to go to Sacramento where the Women's meetings were held in the First Methodist church, those of the men in the historic First Congregational church, founded in 1849 by Dr. Joseph A. Benton, who continued to be its pastor till 1862, numbering in his congregation such well known men as Mark Hopkins, Charles Crocker and Collis P. Huntington, whose generous support made possible the founding in later years of the Pacific Theological Seminary. A graduate of that Seminary, Rev. Harvey Miller, is now pastor of the church which responded most heartily to the stimulus of the meetings about 65 per cent of the average attendance registering for the convention.

All the pulpits of the city were open to the speakers of both teams on Sunday morning, the campaign opening in the evening with a fine attendance and much enthusiasm. Sessions were held the next morning and afternoon while on Monday evening were held the denominational rallies, Congregationalists meeting in their church at 6 p. m. for dinner, some one hundred strong; the pastors and their wives of Lodi, Stockton, Auburn and Loomis being present to add to the fellowship. Senator R. W. Bills acted as toastmaster and responses were made by the Reverends Schwimley, Sink, Schaeffer and Streeter, the principal of the Sacramento High School, the chairman of the Trus-

tees of the First Church and its new Sunday school superintendent, Mrs. Emrich, Dr. Kelsey and the Secretary of the W. B. M. P. It was a goodly occasion and the visitors were given a royal welcome.

Of the convention itself the limits of this article forbid more than the citation of the themes. It is to be hoped that all "Pacific" readers within the range of San Bernardino, Whittier, Pasadena and Bakersfield during November 11th and 23rd, will avail themselves of this great opportunity.

Some Convention Themes.

The World and the Gospel: 1. Women and World Service. 2. Programs of Conquest.

Challenging Tasks: 1. The Needs, Resources and Possibilities of California. 2. America and Christian Leadership. 3. Fields Afar.

The Sinews of War: 1. New Standards of Stewardship. 2. Releasing the Resources. 3. Lessons from Life.

Our Share of the Task: 1. Union Meetings of Men by Denominations.

Organizing the Church: 1. A Program for a Modern Church. 2. Calling Out the Whole Power of the Whole Constituency. 3. Keeping the Church Efficient.

Training the Church: 1. The Need for a Trained Church. 2. Equipment and Plans for Training. 3. Leading the Whole Church to Give.

A Conquering Church: 1. Planning for Victory. 2. Launching the Crusade. 3. The Source of All Power.

Living Subjects: 1. The Living World and the World's Need. 2. Prayer, the Most Powerful Human Resource. 3. The Living Christ and the World's Need.

On both days a Children's Story Hour was held at 3:30 p. m., Mrs. Emrich and Mrs. Worley taking charge, while on Tuesday at 6 o'clock a supper for young women was held in the Y. M. C. A. building.

At the close of each convention a suggested plan of activities with which to follow up the impression made, was given to the local federation for consideration, with the hope that it might be formally adopted, thus insuring constructive effort. E. S. B.

NOTES FROM THE OCTOBER REPORTS OF THE OFFICE SECRETARY.

October has been a month of meetings; the State Conferences with their attendant women's sessions have been held in Washington, Idaho, Utah and Northern California; Los Angeles has had a district meeting of the Southern Branch, and Oregon is having its State Conference Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. To all of these meetings has been sent W. B. M. P. literature. Reports from Idaho are very encouraging. Mrs. Hawkes sold all the literature sent to her and obtained several subscriptions to "Our Work," also arranged with the Assistant Superintendent of the Sunday School Society for the State to have the missionary educational material presented to each school.

Sixty-four orders for this educational material, "Congregational Pilgrims in Africa" have been received to date, a small showing for the entire Coast. Ninety Tercentenary Schools have part of the material and our Foochow program. In this connection let me add that the Foochow literature has received a valuable addition in the story "The Street of the Lower Well," published in the September number of the "Here and There Stories" It was written by Mrs. Hinman and tells of the transformation wrought in a Chinese neighborhood by the introduction of a kindergarten in its midst. It makes a very practical appeal and would be very effective if sent to each Sunday School committed to missionary education about two weeks before the Christmas offering is taken.

A number of subscriptions for these "Here and There Stories" have been received; also four new and five renewals for "Our Work." The October issue has been sent in double quantity to each of the Branches, where it is highly spoken of. Mrs. Lash asked for an extra sixty-five to distribute. The Northern California Secretary of Literature is writing to each of the auxiliaries asking that they be responsible for at least two subscriptions.

Mission study classes are on in Berkeley and Oakland. The office has distributed 112 copies of "The Lure of Africa" and 65 of "The African Trail" and "African Adventures" during the month.

In anticipation of the Ingathering Day for the Thankoffering, statements have been sent to each Branch Thankoffering Secretary, giving the list of boxes distributed in eaoh district, amounts paid and balance due.

During October Miss Parsons has spoken at North Berkeley, Pilgrim and Fruitvale churches, also made a tour of the Santa Clara valley, speaking at Campbell, Saratoga and Sunnyvale, and three times in San Jose. November dates are fully filled already

A class of girls in the Lodi church are anxious to sew for Armenian relief and suggestions have been made for work for the group of orphan girls in Brousa which Miss Parsons left under the care of a native helper, Miss Parsons supplying the necessary data.

The new Year Book of Missions containing the Prayer Calendar is on sale.

The Home.

THE TRAINING OF THINKERS.

In times of great stress like the present, how the independent Thinker stands out! In all the countries at war now the men of vigorous mentality, who dare to follow their own minds, to declare their own thought, take leadership, and the people depend upon them. They tower above the crowd, in remarkable contrast with the sheep-like mass of folk, who "think" what the newspapers tell them to think, get excited about what they see the bigger men excited about, believe what they read and hear, and go about helplessly looking for some word of guidance as to how they ought to feel.

Now, how do these leaders of men—and of women—come to be? When does a person begin to be a thinker? Is he born so, or made so by education? I think there is perhaps something of both in the process, but I am very sure that we can make the most of the possibilities that are born, and do a great deal to make thinkers out of those who may not have been born with the gift. Certainly, I have seen a good many homes in which the environment was anything but encouraging to the cultivation of thinkers; a few in which one must have been dull indeed to escape the inspiration that pervaded every part of the home life.

How is it in your home? Does Father lay down the law?—

"I am Sir Oracle
And when I ope' my lips let no dog bark."

Don't you know lots of homes like that? One of the funniest things I ever saw was the expression on a man's face

the other day when he was handing out Ultimate Wisdom to his family at table about some matter of current politics, and his well-grown daughter suddenly dared an opinion quite at variance with his. Evidently it never had happened before. It isn't—or hasn't been hitherto—that kind of a family at all. The usual thing is a momentous monologue by the Father of the Family, with a suggestion of condescension on his part in deigning to "converse" at all with such inferior beings as his wife and children. And this eighteen-year-old girl presumed to differ with the household Source of Wisdom! As if a barely grown lamb had suddenly turned and barked at the shepherd.

She was almost as astonished as her father, and a sense of embarrassment was evident round the table. I should have inferred, if I had not known it from long acquaintance with the family, that in that home there was no tolerance of independent thinking, no encouragement of individuality and freedom of speech.

Very early indeed in the life of a child is the turning-point. You cannot tell, perhaps, whether or not your baby is one of the Born Thinkers; but you can act as if you knew he, or she, surely was one. If he isn't, you can greatly increase his chance of becoming one; if he is, you can vastly augment the powers latent in him. And there is only one way to develop power of mind, as there is only one way to develop power of body—by exercise and training. If you permit the Father of the Family, to say nothing of yourself, to dominate the family thinking, to monopolize the conversation, to suppress all originality and independence of thought, you may not be able to suppress the Born Thinker who may have chanced into your circle, but you surely will prevent the development of any thinkers not born such.

Let the children as far as possible think for themselves, and express their thoughts freely. If you do all their thinking for them when they are young, when and how will they acquire mental self-reliance? They need guidance, truthful answers to their incessant questions; but that is not the same as thinking for them.

Froebel said: "It is imperative that parents and teachers should be careful to render the inner life of their children as rich as possible." Train their minds to think, to see the facts accurately, to compare and discriminate, to express opinions modestly but without fear of rebuff. Set them right carefully and kindly; never make them ashamed of having expressed a foolish idea. Welcome their views, and encourage them to think for themselves. I do not mean by this, tolerance of mean gossip about playmates and neighbors—that should be discouraged and displaced by kindlier and more useful topics.

Do not try to overstock your children's minds with facts from the outside. That is not only useless, but harmful. All instruction should start from the child's own inner life. That is the centre of all thought for him. But working from his mind out, from the home out to the community, you will find plenty to think about and talk about. "Man understands the life of others only as he understands his own. Make the child's own life rich and full of meaning. See that he knows, understands, and can put into expression the life nearest to him." Does this mean anything concrete to you?

I mean just this: You want a bright, intelligent, thinking child, one full of ideas and initiative in any profession which he may enter later on. Only such men reach the top. Well, you must begin in the first months of babyhood with clothes, toys, things about the room. Nothing in his life is too trivial to be utilized for ths purpose. Play is the means of education for the child and by taking advantage of the play spirit you can direct the child's thinking almost at will. Help him to think at his little games, and invent them with him, "Supposing" is a good game, fun in itself, and stimulating to the imagination.

Take the big, soft ball, make it do something; play it is a mouse, or a kitten running across the floor. Get baby, as soon as he can talk, to suggest the "s'pose" for himself.

Make the business of dressing him a game. Tell him to put his right arm into the little sleeve-tunnel; then his left. He will quickly learn which is which. All this may sound very foolish to sophisticated grown-ups, who have lost—God pity them!—the play spirit; but I assure you these things make the child think, besides teaching him, through his awakened interest, the practically useful business, for example, of dressing himself.

Tell him facts about his food, interest him in the people who grow it and turn it into flour and cook it for him. Presently you can take him to see some of the processes with his own eyes. All over the house are things whose history and significance go to far parts of the earth. Outside in the yard just now are singing birds who spent the winter in Florida, West Indies, South America. Into every line of thought these things all about you will direct your child's mind if you start him right.

Show me a dull and unresponsive person blind to the interests that surround him; a vegetable sort of person, who gives little to those about him and receives little from them; to whom Man and Nature are matters of course—in short, one who does not think—and I will show you one whose parents, whose mother especially, were too busy, or too ignorant, or too lazy to make the effort to awaken in her child the respsonses to the countless interests which surrounded that particular childhood.

Oh, yes, you have to be intelligent yourself. You can't be a child-trainer "off the top of your mind," in odd minutes when you have nothing else with which to amuse yourself. Being a mother, a teacher, a trainer of the Thinkers of the new generation, is a pretty serious business, and the most important, perhaps in the world.—Prudence Bradish in New York Post.

For The Children.

A KING'S TREASURE.

(A Fable.)

By Marion Everet Hayn.

Colin Giles stood on the doorsill of the tiny cottage and watched a tall stranger pass from sight at a turn of the road; then, with a look of wonder in his big brown eyes, he went inside.

"Oh, mother!" he cried, running into the kitchen, "what is a king's treasure?"

Colin's mother looked up from her coarse sewing. "What does a seven-year-old boy like you know about a king's treasure?" she smiled.

"A stranger stopped to talk with me," Colin explained, eagerly. "He told me about a king who searched for a long time for his treasure."

"Did he find it?" Mrs. Giles asked.

"Yes," Colin replied, sadly. "But the man didn't tell me what the treasure was."

"Why didn't you ask him?"

"I didn't think it would be polite to interrupt him; and when he had finished the story he hurried away. What do

you suppose the treasure was, mother?" anxiously.

"I can't tell, Colin. But I know what my treasure is—you, my own little boy!"

Colin's thin face flushed at the praise; but he was not at all certain that the king's treasure was the king's little boy. Perhaps his father would know, Colin thought. So he dressed himself warmly, for the air was cold and the wind sharp, and set out for the forest where his father, a poor charcoal burner, was at work.

But when, all out of breath, Colin had reached his father's pit, and asked him the same question he had asked his mother, he was no better off than before. His father thought the king's treasure might have been gold or precious jewels, but he was not certain.

Colin turned away. He did not want his kind father to see the look of disappointment on his face. He would go home. Perhaps on the way back he might again see the stranger. But although he walked very slowly and stopped from time to time, he saw no trace of him.

Someway tears gathered in his eyes. Of a sudden he tripped over the root of an old tree. Before he could get up to his feet, he heard little voices.

"Our treasure will surely be destroyed," one voice quavered.

"It will, indeed," the second voice mourned.

Now if Colin had lived today, doubtless he would not have thought about such creatures as fairies. But Colin lived many years ago, when most people believed in the little people of the forest.

So Colin crept to the lowest bush and peeped through its branches. To his astonishment he saw two queer little men. They had long, pointed beards, and wore brown jerseys and leggings.

"They must be elves," Colin whispered to himself.

If their wee faces had not looked so troubled Colin would have run away as fast as his short legs would have permitted. But since the little men were evidently in distress he went up to them.

"Can I do anything to help you?" he asked.

The fairies frowned. "But you are a boy!" they muttered. "We can't trust you."

Colin was frightened at their dark looks; nevertheless we waited, his heart beating fast.

But after the little men had stared at him in deep thought their faces softened. "We are in deep trouble," one of them said. "We must trust some one."

"Yes," the second fairy agreed, "we must get help from some big person or our treasure will be spoiled. Already the thorn tree has fastened itself to this hilly tree, which is our most precious treasure. All summer and fall we have tended and watched it. Now in the high wind its leaves will be torn by the thorns and our pretty berries scattered."

Coln smiled and started to climb the thorn tree. But although he tried several times he could not get up. He would go in search of a ladder. Sometimes men left their ladders in a hut close by.

He saw the fairies slip from sight behind a thick bush. Only a few yards from the thorn tree Colin met the tall stranger. He was walking fast, but he stopped when he caught sight of the boy.

"You are the boy who listened so politely to my story this morning," he smiled. "What can I do for you?"

Colin then explained that the fairies' treasure was in danger of being spoiled. Even before he had finished speaking the stranger moved to the thorn tree. With a strong grip he broke the branch which had fastened itself to the holly tree. The next moment he was gone.

And now it was the fairies' turn to feel sorry for Colin. When they saw the disconsolate expression on his face, the little men came out from the shade of the bush and asked what they could do to repay him.

"I meant to ask the stranger what the king's treasure was," Colin sobbed. "Now I shall never know!"

The fairies lifted their thin hands and danced about. "Oh, we know what the king's treasure was!" they laughed. "The tall stranger was the king himself! And the treasure for which he searched so long was 'happiness.'"

"Did he find it?" Colin asked, a light breaking out over his face.

"Indeed he did!" chorused the fairies. "He found it doing kind deeds for his fellow men."—Ex.

A POSTOFFICE STORY.

Jennie, Tilly, Mary and Prue were little country girls, and each had a mother and father of her very own, but never a brother or sister. One day, when the sisterless and brotherless little maidens were all at Tilly's house, Jennie suddenly exclaimed, "Oh!" then closed her lips and clasped her hands.

"Oh, what? Oh, do tell us!" asked Tilly, Mary and Prue.

"Why not have a postoffice all our very own?" the lips opened themselves long enough to ask, while the hands unclasped and crossed themselves over Jennie's heart.

"Where?" questioned Prue.

"In the corner where the farms join," answered Jennie.

"What a beautiful idea!" exclaimed Tilly. "And I've got just the thing for the postoffice—a box with a cover we can life, and a hole through its side for the letters to go through, and we can fasten it to the limb of that chokecherry tree which hangs over the fence corners."

"How lovely!" said Mary.

Two weeks later four little girls, at the same time, arrived at the postoffice. Then three little girls crawled through the fence into the lot where Mary was standing. Then, for a moment, they all sat down on a log to rest and talk, and gaze admiringly at the postoffice, when—

"Oh! Did you see that, Jennie?"

"I guess I did!" answered Jennie, jumping up.

"Who'd ever thought of it?" ejaculated Tilly.

"To think of a wren popping out of our postoffice!" exclaimed Mary.

Then the little girls got on the fence, one raised the cover, and then they all peeped in, and saw a lot of fine twigs neatly arranged in the center of which were four tiny eggs.

"A wren's nest!" exclaimed Prue.

"And in our postoffice!" said Mary.

"Let's shut the cover down softly and go away, and then, by and by, there'll be some little baby wrens," said Jennie.

Then they hurried home and told their delightful secret to their mothers and fathers.

"Oh!" said Jennie, one Sabbath afternoon, when, with their mothers and fathers, they were looking at the baby wrens, "they are God's letters to us!"

"Living epistles!" suggested one little girl's father, "for us all to know and read."—Ex.

He doeth all things well; and He doeth them all at the right time, and in the right way and to the right people.—Alexander Whyte.

NATION AND WORLD.

Glory of our country,
All her shining worth,
Lose it in the glory
Of the circling earth.

Riches of our country,
Store of gold and corn,
Spend it on the nations
Fainting and forlorn.

Power of our country,
Mighty hearts and hands,
Add it to the weakness
Of the lesser lands.

Wisdom of our country,
Sage in firm control,
Merge it in the thinking
Of the human whole.

Future of our country,
Blessedly unfurled,
Find it in the future
Of the happy world.

Nevermore our country:
Splendidly resigned,
Die to larger living,
Nation of mankind!

—Caleb Cobwebb in Christian Endeavor World.

Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.
—George Herbert.

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